intions, which were unant

Morsce Greeley, founder and editor of the New York Tribuse, has elicited a spontaneous and universal expression of regret at his sudden removal from the scene of his long and useful labors, and whereas the craft of which he was an early, dilligent and houred member owes to he example many of the incitements to that exertion shich has secured its prosperity, therefore.

Rosoived, That the New York Typographical Society mites in the warm tribules which have been paid to the semory of Mr. Greeley, and hereby records its sense of is invaluable services not only to the printing, but to lournaism of the country, and to the vital interests hich constitute the strength and insures the welfare of a American people.

which constitute the strength and insures the weither of the American people.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Greeley we deplore the loss of a man whose courageous struggle with adverse circumstances in early youth and whose diligent and well directed efforts in mature years have taught a lesson to American youth which can never be unlearned. Resolved, That in the tribute of respect to the memory of our late fellow memory these preambles and resolu-tions be printed in the daily journals of this city and that a certified copy thereof be transmitted to the family of Mr. Greeley.

diens be printed in the control of the society be draped in Greeley.

Resolved also. That the banner of the society be draped in mourning for a space of thirty days and the members attend the tuneral in a body.

Mr. William A. Bourner then addressed the meeting, and spoke at considerable length and with much feeling of the disaster which had fallen over the whole country and wherever the name of Hornec Greeley was known by the death of the great pournalist. Mr. Greeley, he said, was a self-made man, and his life was a shining example to all young men who have to seek fortune among the trials and troubles of this unsympathetic world. His services in the noble cause of freedom would ever be a standing monument to his name. He had done his work nobly and bravely, and now, "after his's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman the meeting then adjourned.

Action of the Union League Club.

Last evening a large number of members of the Union League Club signed a petition to the President to call a special meeting of the club on Monday evening, to take appropriate action with re gard to the death of their fellow member, the late Mr. Horace Greeley. The call was signed by all to whom it was presented, and clicited the kindest expressions in regard to Mr. Greeley. It is hoped that President Grant, who expects to attend the Washburne reception at the club on Wednesday evening, would be able to the present at the funeral on Tuesday.

Action of Other Bodies.

Both branches of the Common Council are to meet on Monday to take appropriate action upon the death of Mr. Horace Greeley.

There will be a meeting of the former compositors of the Tribune at the office of that paper on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock.

A special meeting of the Lincoin Club will be held at the club rooms, on Twenty-first street, on Monday evening. December 2, at half-past eight o'clock, to take action in regard to the death of sheir late member, Horace Greeley.

## AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The Grief of Mr. Greeley's Country Neighbors-The Old Homestead in Its Gloom and the Village in Mourning-A Good Man's Record at Home.

There was many a heavy heart in Chappaqua yesterday. The death of him who had spent so nany years of his valuable lifetime among its inhabitants seemed to have come home to every household with all the poignant anguish of a general affiction. Go where you would-from he little station at the railway, where the flag hung at half-mast out of respect for the memory of the dead, to the stores and shops where little groups sat with mournful faces and trembling lips, BELOVED BY ALL

by his genial, simple ways and large-hearted charities, and how sadly he would be missed in the days that are to come-grief was traced on every countenance. Even the little children, scarce old enough to know the difference between sorrow and joy, appeared to be affected by the general gloom. They hung about the outskirts of the little gatherings here and there, wearing a half-affrighted look and gazing up into the sad faces of the men as though they also could understand the full meaning of every word of sympathy dropped from their fathers' lips. And probably they did, in their innocent way, understand, if not every word uttered, at least enough to know that they too had lost a good and loving friend, for Mr. Greeley ever had a kindly word for .

THE LITTLE ONES he met in the village street, every one of whom he knew by name, and every child loved to greet him, knowing that the greeting would be returned with a kindly smile and a gentle patting on the head accompanied by some word that made the little one feet all the happier. "The fact is," said an old farmer to the writer, as he tried to conceal the tears that would unbidden find their way to the surface, "Mr. Greeley was so much like one of our own familyhumble and unpretending in his ways, that one couldn't help taking kindly to him, and he won his way to every little one's heart by his very smile. He loved children and they loved him." If the gloom was deep in every house in the village, one felt it doubly so as the old homestead was approached. The day was bitterly cold and, as the writer in a sleigh drove rapidly from Pleasant-

writer in a sleigh drove rapidly from Pleasantville toward

THE SORROWING VILLAGE,
the wind blew in keen, itiful gusts, whirling the
snow from the hill tops into fleecy clouds that at
times made the roadway almost invisible. There
was not a soul out of doors, and one would
almost have been led to believe that he was
in a deserted village did he not, here and
there as he sped along, espy a face peering out from
a shop window or through the blinds of a near by
cottage. The hills looked bleak and forbidding in
their white covering, and, as the horse's
head was turned toward the open gateway
leading to the "Homestead" grounds, the snowclad fleids stretched out on all sides
in one unbroken surface. The roadway and the
field lay even together, not the trace of a footstep
of man or beast anywhere, save from the street to
the greenery, from out the chimney of which a
little cloud of smoke curied up lazily. There were
to be seen

little cloud of smoke curied up lazily. There were to be seen

THE OUTLINES OF HUMAN PEET, and even these were already half covered by the drifts. The silence that reigned about, broken only now and then by the deep sighing of the wind among the leafless branches of the trees, was oppressive in the extreme. The grove where so many guests were made to feel so much at house, and where so many happy hours were spent only a few orief weeks ago by the kindly host and his friends was silent too, dark and dreary-looking, with the snow about, making the dark outline of the cedars all the more drear by contrast. As the horse was reined up to the door of the old house away up on the hillside and no one came, as on previous Saturday alternoons, in cheery voice to tender a warm greeting the desolation of the scene came upon one with all its force. And it was the same with the other house pearer the village.

SILENCE EVERYWHERE

tender a warm greeting the desolation of the scene came upon one with all its force. And it was the same with the other house nearer the village.

SILENCE EVERYWHERE

and not a soul to be seen. The driver, evidently oppressed with the sad thoughts suggested by the change that had come over the place, the deserted look that everything wore as contrasted with the pleasant Saturday's entertainments when the owner was so full of life and kindness for all, whipped up the horse, and the sleigh was soon near the street again. In going out of the gate he pointed to a little house just within the fence and remarked, "That's the house the girls used to play in when they were children. I remember it well then; it looks just the same now." The door of the little house stood ajar and the snow had piled itself within. The driver noticed it and remarked sadly, as if communing with himself, "Those were bright days, but what a difference now!" While at THE HOTEL OF THE VILLAGE

waiting for the train to come along the writer had an opportunity of hearing a great deal about the affection and esteem in which Mr. Greeley was held by his neighbors. "He was just like one of us," said one of the men. "He knew us all by name, and he never acted as though he was more than we were. The place will miss him sadly, and the poor will miss him more than anybody else in the village. No one can say he ever went to Horace in real want and wasn't helped along." In a conversation with a gentleman who had known Mr. Greeley as a neighbor for twenty years, he remarked is relation to his death, "The Saturday after the election I think it was Horace with Mr. Jonnson went into the Post Office, and on reading the paper made some remark which rather startled those who heard it on account of its strangeness. When he had gone out Mr. Johnson came back and said, "Kever mind that; Mr. Greeley is not well." It is believed that he was then beglinning to lose control of his mind."

"Is aw him last," said another, "on The Boy of the polis!" I refused at first, on

cherished, and how smoore they are in pressions of sorrow over their loss. pressions of sorrow over their loss.

GONE, NEVER TO ENTURE.

"I can't believe that he is dead," was the remark of another villager, who was spoken to on the sad subject. "We are all in a maze about it, and it will take a long while for us to believe that he won't come back again. We'll catch ourselves looking out for him next Summer, when the alternoon train comes, but it will be no use, no use, no use," and the man turned away his face to hide his emotion.

Surely a man who lived so long among the same neighbors for years as Horace Greeley did among his neighbors at Chappaqua, and was so universally beloved, leaving not an enemy behind, must indeed have been a man worthy of being truly loved by his fellow men.

MOURNINGS OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS

Expressions of Grief and Sympathy-Journalistic Career of Deceased-His Services to the Country.

[From the New York Tribune.] Horace Greeley.

The melancholy announcement of the death of the editor and founder of the Tribune, though for a few days his family and intimate friends have admitted to themselves its possibility, falls upon us all with the shock of sudden calamity. He reached, indeed, a ripe old age, but time had not laid its withering touch upon him; his splendid constitution easily bore the strain of and suggestive as in the prime of life; his generou impulses were unchilled by aisheartening experience. Through the trying campaign which has just closed his physical vigor, his tact, his intellectual activity surprised even those who knew him best, and seemed to promise many years of use-fulness. Looking at what he might yet have accomplished, we wonder at the mysterious dispensation of Providence that takes him away while his faculties are still unwearied. Remembering what he has already done, we stand with bowed head beside the open grave, and thank the Good Master who has permitted his servant to complete so much of his great labor, and to reap so many of its fruits. For, after all, though detraction and disappointment and domestic sorrow may have cloud last days, this was the happy ending of a noble career. "My life," said he, some years ago, "has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it shall be prolonged few or more years I am grateful that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved, and in experiences of the nobler as well as the baser impulses of human nature." The record of what he has done for the industry, the education, the general culture and the social improvement of his country, as well as the story of what he has accomplished in guiding its political destinies we may leave to an impartial posterity. It is too soon, perhaps, to judge correctly how great has been his share in moulding the public sentiment which dictates laws, chooses Presidents, creates armies and controls public events; but it is certain that no history of the most critical period in our national life can ever be written in which Horace Greeley shall not be a conspicuous figure. Enormous as his personal indusers was in politics for the better part of a generation, it was not upon this that in his latter years he looked back with the greatest satisfaction. That he had shaped the course of administrations, directed the purposes of parties, created a great organ of opinion, taught statesmen to sit at his feet and Senates to listen for his appiral—these wower and the tests of the second state of the second

(From the New York World.) Death of Horace Greeley.

A great light of American journalism, and per-haps the most remarkable American of his period, breathed his last a little before seven o'clock yesterday evening. It has never been our lot to record a death whose surroundings and antecedents impressed us with such a sense of mournful and even tragic pathos. That of President Lincoln had indeed more of the horror of a certain kind of stage effect; but it fell short of this in the affecting appeal it makes to the deepest sympathies of our common human nature and its power to touch those deep well-springs of feeling which are the fountain of unaffected tears. We write these sad lines with a tide of emotion pouring into our swimming eyes; and although it hardly becomes a man, much less a journalist in the discharge of his public functions, to let his feelings get control of him, we cannot dissemble the grief which takes possession of us at this afflictive termination of a great career, and this terrible smiting of two ingenuous young hearts, the virtuous, interesting, gifted, doubly orphaned daughters, one in the bud and the other in the opening blossom of a beautiful womanhood, who, with the little interval of a month, lose both their parents, under circumstances so fitted to crush the life out of their despaizing hearts. May God pity and bless them! In their credulous, confiding natures, their happy inexperience of the coarse ways of politics and their filial love and reverence, we may find excuses enough for the fond visions, with which their young minds were many months dazzled, of seeing their father the honored lead of the nation and enjoying the pride he would have felt in a nation's confidence. The rude dashing of this cup from their lips was an affliction, but an affiction which they could easily have borne, caring little for it in their wemanly fidelity beyond their sympathetic grief in their father's disappointment. More prostrating strokes were in reserve for them to darken their young, innocent lives. The loss of a mother who had doted on them, whose first and last thought in the long years of her physical infirmity and suffering was devoted to their welfare, filled them with such poignant grief that they no longer cared anything for the result of the Presidential election except so far as they feit its bearing on the happiness of their father. But when he is so suddenly taken from them it must be a heart of stone that does not commiserate the fate of these guileless, most interesting unprotected orphans. Their youth, their sex, their innocence, inexperience and attractive personal qualities, must cause every feeling heart to bleed for them. Poor, yearning, forsaken, shorn lambs to whom the flerce winter wind is not tempered! out an affiction which they could easily have

ciation can any longer soothe nor any censure wound him. Perhaps no kindly human heart ever so yearned for sympathy or so eagerly coveted or was so deeply grateful for just appreciation. No man who was a great power in the politics of his time was ever so far removed from the character of a stolc. Any friend who was tree from all suspicion of interested motives could easily find the way to the inner citadel of his gentle heart. Though an unsparing controversialist, he bore no malice even in the heat of political contention; and no man ever responded more warmly to the personal esteem of party antagonists. Even with Stephen A. Douglas his relations and intercourse rested on a footing of the frankest, heartlest good will; and there have been recent instances in which he gave his confidence to political opponents with a more trusting unreserve—if it were permitted us to mention them. But in all such personal confidences he was a most uncompromising asserter of his opinions, and his friends outside of his own party could never for a moment doubt that it was their persons, not their politics, which he tolerated. It was like the interchange of courtesies between the officers of hostile armies, wherein the tokens of personal esteem leave no sort of doubt that each side will do its utmost in the next day's battle. Such mutual recognitions of military ability and personal worth imply no sort of infielity to the cause for which each party fights. Men of honor and stable convictions are under no obligation to deny the virtues or the abilities of their adversaries. The heart of the present writer was never so deeply touched and moved as when, amid the stray autumn leaves falling from the trees of Greenwood, while Mrs. Greeley's comin, with its covering of black cloth (we remember that in our boyhood, in Mr. Greeley's native State, we never saw a coffin which was not black) was borne from the hearse to the opening of the family vault, through lines of reverent, uncovered heads—we say we can never forget the heart-toraking i

were ready to give to the bereaved husband and the half-orphaned, stricken daughters, the pet lambs of his fond, yearning, paternal heart. It was the last time that his eyes and ours ever exchanged an affectionate, recognizing look; and we deplore our neglect to seek him out and pour our free sympathy into his craving, responsive breast, after that sad scene was over. The carnest, wistful looks he then fixed upon us will never be effaced till our dying day. We beg that readers will pardon us for this unseemly mastery which our emotions have got over an habitually cold pen. Something must be pardoned to the infirmity of our poor human nature.

We have really no heart for the duty which is laid upon us on this occasion. If our feelings would permit us to take the position of mere outside spectators, the fit thing for us to do would be to make a just, uncoired estimate of Mr. Greeley's character and career. But the circumstances of his death strike us as so inexpressibly tragic and affecting that we have no command of our critical faculties. It is difficult to think of anything beyond the grief-inspiring spectacle of such a death, following so switch upon the great eclipse and extinguishment of, the hopes which Mr. Greeley had good reasons for entertaining during some stages of the recent crushing canvass. "The stars in their courses" seemed to fight against him. He returned from that fatiguing tour in the West, in which his faculties shone out in a surprising biaze of culminating splendor, to find his poor wife in the last stages of her long decline; and with a devotion like that which he felt in the days of their early, youthful love, before time and disease had impaired her beauty or domestic trials had effaced the bloom of their first affection, he was constantly at her bediside, with the fidelity of a ministering angel, passing anxious days and sleepness nights which, under less exigent circumstances, would have been due to repose after his recent exhaustless labors. The strain upon his physical endurance and

Greeley, for he was the life and soul of that journal. Without him it is an empty shell. We present elsewhere a fatr review of Mr. Greeley's life. His name and reputation are no longer in any danger. Full justice will be done to him, and if he fell into errors-as who has not !- they will not be remembered now. The incidents of his last sickness were peculiarly distressing, and, from all that we can learn, his reverses during the late campaign cannot alone account for them. Had he would not have lived, so overtaxed was his strength and so utterly broken down seems have been his constitution. The labors and excitement of the canvass were more than his the most distinguished surgeons in the land, told a reporter, on Thursday, that he had heard "Mr. reeley became demented even before the election." It would seem incredible that friends should have kept this fact from the

Greeley became demented even before the election." It would seem incredible that his friends should have kept this fact from the public knowledge, if we did not know that they concealed the equally important fact of his mental aberration and fatal illness until Wednesday last. This extraordinary course is only too characteristic of the utter lack of judgment and proper feeling which Mr. Greeley's friends have displayed in reference to him for months past. The lot of the surviving children of the great journalist is peculiarly mouraful. Within a very few weeks they have lost both their parents. Sorrow has descended upon them as in a whirlwind. One of them at least has been called upon to pass through trials, in the course of a young lile, such as are sometimes spared even those who survive the allotted span of three score years and ten. To this faithful daughter, afflicted far beyond her strength and years, the heart of the American people will go out in carnest sympathy; and they will hope that if human friendship fails to alleviate her heavy sorrows she will find consolation in those immortal promises which alone can render the burdens of this world tolerable.

Although most of us have been accustomed to speak of Mr. Greeley as an old man, yet if we estimate his life by the standard which often prevails among distinguished men, we are justified in saying that Mr. Greeley's life came to a premature close. If medical men are right in the opinion that smoking is injurious, and that even moderate induigence in stimulants tends to shorten life, surely the absence of those habits in Mr. Greeley was much younger than many men whose names are associated with Mr. Greeley was much younger than many men whose names are associated with Mr. Greeley was fair health at the age of seventy-five, Mr. Webster was seventy when he died, and Henry Clay, to whom Mr. Greeley and Mr. Thurlow Weed still lives at the age of eventy-five, Mr. Webster was seventy when he died, and Henry Clay, to whom Mr. Greeley age, and is exceptional ins

ways be attributed his touching illness and sudden death.

We shall not attempt at this moment to do justice to Mr. Greeiey as a journalist and public man. His life is part of the hustory of the country during the last thirty years and the time has not yet come when it can be impartially considered. It is certain that Mr. Greeley's name will always be honored in connection with the anti-slavery struggle and with many important measures which he fought for with remarkable vigor simply because he believed they were right. Into these subjects we will not now enter, for the country is scarcely rid of the din and turmoll of a memorable election in which Mr. Greeley himself played a memorable and an unhappy part. Historians will do justice to Mr. Greeley, and in the meanwhile his countrymen would be strangely forgetful if they failed to pay due tribute to his memory. He has been before them for almost a generation, and he has had their confidence in many trying periods of our history. Let us now remember only his virtues and his genius.

The Last Blow.

One of the most painful and affecting circum-stances in the last days of Horace Greeley is the fact that the blow which seems to have finally overthrown his reason was struck by his own assistant in the conduct of the *Tribune*, Mr. White-law Reid, who had been entrusted with the control

in the Presidential canvass.

The election took place on Tuesday, November 1. 5, and on the Thursday following, only two days afterwards, the subjoined card was conspicuously

published in the Tribune;—
The undersigned resumes the editorship of the Tribune, which he relinquished on embarking in another line of business six months ago. Henceforth it shall be his each eavor to make this a thoroughly independent journal, treating all parties and political movements with judicial nitriess and candor, but courting the favor and deprecating the wall of the one of the control of the cont

HORACE GREELEY.

In this card there is nothing to indicate mental derangement. On the contrary, it is the language session of his intellectual faculties and uttering himself in manly and not discouraging language. But on the same day with this card, and following after it in the editorial columns of the same paper, Mr. Whitelaw Reld published the subjoined astonishing article: political disappointment, but yet in the full pos-

ing known every member of his family in a constant interchange of pleasant hospitalities, it does not lie in our hearts to coolly take his measure as we could easily have done if we were in the position of mere outside spectators. Our grief and sympathy get the better of us, and our sorrow is too deep and sincere to permit us to utter anything, now but this unrestrained outpouring of our feelings. Within a day or two, when we have recovered our composure, we shall recur to this melancholy subject, and try to do justice to a great reputation achieved in our own loved profession.

[From the New York Times.]

Mr. Greeley's Death.

Mr. Greeley's Death.

Mr. Greeley died shortly before seven o'clock last evening, and there is not a man in any part of the country who will not receive the news with sorrow. Mr. Greeley has made a great mark in American history, and his loss in journalism is one which cannot be replaced. When people spoke of the Tribune they meant Mr.

similar disclaimer, and this paragraph containing a similar disclaimer, and this paragraph was also suppressed by Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

When it is remembered that Mr. Greeley had not only gone through the herculean labors and exciting agitation of the canvass, but had for weeks been in almost sleepless attendance at the bedside of his dying wife, is it surprising that this refusal of his own subordinate to allow him to disclaim in the Tribune santiagnts which were the suppression of th of his own subordinate to allow him to disciam in the Tribune sentiments which were repugnant to his heart and most injurious to his reputation should have been followed by disorder of his mind and the collapse of all the physical stamina which still remained in his constitution.

> [From the New York Star.] Death of Mr. Greeley.

Horace Greeley is dead. The venerable journalist breathed his last at ten minutes to seven P. M. yesterday, at the residence of Dr. Choate, Pleasantville, N. Y. His death was expected, and, as we announced yesterday, the duration of his life was but the question of a few hours. At five P. M. he

but the question of a few hours. At five P. M. he was conscious for a few minutes, railied, and spoke to those around him. His last words were:—

I rejoice, for I know that my Saviour liveth and he then gave up "a busy life" that has been pure and useful to his fellow man. The news of his death will, we are sure, be received with sorrow; for he had many friends and but few enemies. In politics many differed from him, and he has fought hard and bitter fights; but death sweeps all unpleasant memories of these away, and we see in him to-day the upright, nonest citizen, laboring for the good of his country and mankind. We can say with tens of thousands this morning, "Poor old man; we are sorry he is gone."

[From the Evening Telegram.]

Death of Horace Greeley. At ten minutes to seven o'clock yesterday evening Horace Greeley died. The moment came at last when Death bore away in triumph the life for which affection and science had been vainly bat-tling, and to-day the whole nation mourns over the great loss which it has sustained in the death of Mr. Greeley, journalist, philosopher, politician,

gentleman.

The qualities of Mr. Greeley's mind were of too ofty a nature to admit of hasty notice. The time will come when a proper estimate of the man will be made by one qualified for the task. Now we can but praise and mourn. In the shadow of death the virtues of the deceased shine transcendently forth and invite the admiration of the world.

His life was one of sturdy struggle. From early boyhood he has had to breast the waves, and win through hard struggle the place which he gained at last. Then, it would be thought that if ambition through hard struggle the place which he gained at last. Then, it would be thought that if ambition had anything to do with his efforts surely it was satiated; but the moment came in which the political philosopher was called upon to lead a great national movement in the affairs of the nation. At one time the skies were blue, the prospect cheering and success seemed to smile upon the liberal cause. But defeat came—a crushing, overwhelming defeat. The streng man went down before it as the pine does before the Wintry blast. The death of his wife and the weeks of watching which he had passed at her side had their effect, it is true, but certainly never cut to the soul of the great man so much as did this complete overthrow of his political hopes. Horace Greeley, if elected on the 5th of November, would have, in all probability, enjoyed many more years of life; Horace Greeley, defeated, lies dead.

The very circumstances of the case show how acutely the misfortune must have come home. The great journalist had devoted all his political life to championing the cause of the negro; but in the very first instance where he needed the negroes support he was so totally ignored by that class that the bitter cup of defeat acquired a more acrid taste than if his disappointment were caused by his own former party. He had a right to expect that the freedmen, whom he had battled for with voice and pen while they were in bondage, would by reason or the simplest operation of grattude, accord him some support when he needed it. The time came to test the question, and then Mr. Greeley found that the race had once more shown how deficient in mental properties they were by their wholesale butchering of the cause of the one man who had done more for them than perhaps the

whole phalanx of agitators who had marched under

niner of abolition.

barb sank deep into the soul. From the ing after the election Mr. Greeley was a dman. The loss of his wife was the first act of rest domestic tragedy of the day. Then came eaking up of the old Chappaqua homestead, ow the final triumph of the King of Terrors. Greeley dead will cease to reign none the the hearts of his countrymen. The lesson the such a life as his has been cannot but the beneficial effect upon the minds of the youth

[From the Evening Express.]

[From the Evening Express.]

Amother Light Put Out.

The death of Mr. Greeley, foreshadowed on Friday morning, took place in the evening. It seems but yesterday that we rode in the same carriage with him to Greenwood, following the remains of another great editor. He seemed then—and it was some time after his nomination for the Presidency—vigorous in intellect, strong in body, wonderfully clear in his memory of past events, and certainly as little likely to die soon as any in the funeral cortége of Mr. Bennett. He bore his honors gracefully, was modest amidst the bore his honors gracefully, was modest amidst the constant attentions of the passing crowds, and in this spirit it seemed to us that he passed through the whole of the trying canvass for the Presidency. He neither said nor did a foolish thing, though in his Western canvass, in one day he made no less than eighteen speeches, and in another twenty-two. He went on this laborious tour at the request of personal friends and of those who had charge of his political canvass. He spoke upon all subjects, and with dignity, prudence and wisdom. He uttered not one word wanting in respect to the President, and said canvass. He spoke upon all subjects, and with dignity, prudence and wisdom. He uttered not one word wanting in respect to the President, and said nothing offensive or personal of leading men in office, though earnest enough in opposing what he believed to be error of opinion and conduct. In his visit to New England, save once, and then to repel personal attacks upon his character, all politics were avoided.

Secretary of the Navy. Bother of General Grant's Secretary of the Navy. Bother of General Grant's Secretary of the Navy. Bother of General Grant's Law of the Conduct of the Navy. The Conduct of the Conduct of the Navy. The Conduct of the Conduct of the Navy. The Conduct of the Conduc nothing offensive or personal of leading men in

loss. His last words were, "I know that my Re-deemer liveth." This is knowledge indeed—the opening of the invisible world to human eves in this tabernacle of fiesh; the hope of immortality; the sight of one who knows, not in part, but as he is known, nor sees through the glass darkly, but, passing beyond the river of life, there sees face to face the One altogether lovely, in the person of the Son of God. face the One altogether lovely, in the person of the Son of God.

How true, then, it is amid this Providence which we call a calamity, it is the survivor dies, and that misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions! In a brief month two loving daughters are made orphans. The little son and brother who was the great pride and ardent hope of father and mother long ago led the way to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." These now rest from their labors, leaving our deepest sympathies for those who for a time only are left alone in the world. "May God temper the winds to his shorn lamba."

(From the Commercial Advertiser.)

Horace Greeley.

The whole land is saddened by the intelligence

of the death of this distinguished man, and as the tidings make the circuit of the globe, under every sky there will be many to deplore a death which to human ken seems so untimely. Mr. Greeley had actually no enemies. There were those who condemned or criticised or smiled at his theories and his works, but the man was the centre of no great and settled dislike. The almost unanimity with which his life-long political foes, forgetting the sharp conflict he had persistently waged against them, came to his support in the late election cam paign is a singular illustration of the truth of our remark. There was much in him to win the affection and esteem of others. His life was pure. He was thoroughly alive to every appeal of charity and every claim that suffering or outraged humanity might prefer. He always cham-pioned decency and good order. His pen and tongue never purposely countenanced wrong. Be sides this, he was frank and outspoken in his judgments, whether of praise or condemnation. No man failed to know precisely where No man failed to know precisely where Horace Greeley stood, or failed to comprehend the pith and persistence of whatever warfare he waged. It is as an editor and a controversialist that Mr. Greeley is best known to the world. Ardent and impulsive, he early took sides on almost every subject of debate, and to some of the positions he then assumed he has clang with unabated ardor and steadiness. His judgment has been most at fault on social questions, but during the last few years his opinions on these topics have been more closely in accordance with those that are ordinarily accepted. But upon the questions of Temperance, Protection and Slavery he has never departed from his first convictions, and these during a long and vigor, a fertility of resource and a plenitude of illustration never surpassed. And it was precisely here that Mr. Greeley was chiefly conspicuous. He was a master of the English language. No one ever commanded a choicer or richer diction. He was eminently forcible and pithy. His arguments were strong, compact and earnest, and his pungent paragraphs were ever pervaded by a flavor of geniality that gave them raciness and zest. It was Mr. Greeley's desire and aim to create a great newspaper in all respects fully abreast of the great currents of thought and influence. The claims of politics had thwarted and shackled this purpose, but when, after the latal 5th of November, he returned to the progress of science, industry and the useful arts than a partisan journal could do," and, "sustained by a generous public, he power in the broader field it now contemplates." Undoubtedly in the future Mr. Greeley would have made it a power in the new field he proposed to occupy. But right here, at the close of his busy and contentious career, and at the dawn of what he promised should be a new life, he is cut down long before his usefulness had ended, and when years of industry and activity spread out before him. At the age of sixty-one, with a constitution utterly uncontaminated by indulgence, Horace Greeley stood, or failed to comprehend

[From the Evening Post.] Horace Greeley.

The news of the death of a man so univen known and who has so recently filled so large a space in the public sight as Horace Greeler is a visible shock to the whole community. Coming suddenly and unexpectedly, it brings sonal bereavement which is always telt in the loss of a familiar presence, while to many others who were warmly attached to him it doubtless comes as a sorrow almost without mitigation There are others, however, of more self-pos and calmer judgment, who, knowing Mr. Greeles well, will look upon his death as a natural conse quence of foregone conditions and one that can be hardly said to be unexpected, and which, indeed, was looked forward to as probable in a near future after the events of the past summer. Among these persons are to be classed, no doubt, if not all medical men, certainly al; those in the least acquainted with Mr Greeley's constitution and the conditions of a life, for, these being given, the most natural con

life, for, these being given, the most natural coachusion was a speedy death to follow all that he has gone through during the last Summer. So far from there being anything unusual in his death, it is an event which has its constant and common parallel, and that alone which makes it striking is this seemingly sudden conclusion to a remarkable career at its most conspicuous period.

Mr. Greeley's merely animal constitution was one of great strength, and had he lived as his father did, the tranquil life of a quiet farmer, he also would doubtless have lived to near a hundred years of age. His habits have also been strictly regular and temperate, and we suppose he has never known any thing of those ordinary disorders to which most men are accustomed. So far as his mere physical constitution was concerned, he was capable of immense endurance and immense wear and tear. His weakness, then, was not in the "noble entrails," as the vital organs of the trunk are called by an old writer, but in the seat of the intellectual nature. We recognize the propriety of the rule of sparing anything like a critical analysis of the character of a man who is just dead, and it is no departure from this rule, we think, to recognize the lact, which Mr. Greeley's dearest friend would not think of ignoring, that he was a man of altogether peculiar and eccentric qualities. The weak spot of his constitution, and where disease fastened itself when circumstances occurred which were destructive of a healthy condition of the seat of the moral and intellectual faculties, was the brain. Perhaps his very peculiarities and eccentricities were the result of an original weakness in the substance of some portion of the brain, just as some men have a weak spot in the lungs which always threatens them with consumption. But, however this may be, the fact is evident that, whether from natural causes or too much use, the brain in Mr. Greeley was that organ which, under excessive strain, would give way. Those familiar with his tile know that this is not the f

organ which, under excessive strain, would give way. Those familiar with his tile know that this is not the first time death has threatened him from the same cause.

The strain upon him for the six months from May to November has been simply tremendous. His desire to be successful in the canvass was not only intense, but in it was concentrated all the longings, all the ambition, all the dreams of him life, inasmuch as success now would bring him the gratification of all that desire for distinction and all the love of power that ever in his whole life had moved and governed him. Whether he would not have died all the same if he had been chosen President will be a curious question for the physicians; but certainly that tendency to infammation of the brain, which belongs to the larger portion of those devoted to intellectual pursuits, and to which he was peculiarly lable, was inevitable under the strain and intense excitement of the campaign, and undoubtedly was aggravated by the death of his wife. It is said that Mr. Greeley expected, even after the State elections, to be chosen President; but whether this be true or not, he did expect it through the Summer. The reaction that followed all these labors and all these hopes—labors which, unhapply, his great physical strength made him capable of without mere physical exhaustion, and hopes the intensity of which not many men can conceive—was necessarily very great. The brain gave way; the inflammation disorganized his whole system, and he sunk, as men of less note so often do, where a chronic tendency to disease of the brain becomes, by some sudden calamity or great emotion, an acute attack from which there is ne possible recovery.

Probably no man could have died at this moment in this country, perhaps in the word, whose death would have produced a more profound sensation. Few men have appeared in our history whose lives and characters could be regarded as more characteristic of the peculiar influence of our social and political civilization than his life and charact

him—a nomination to the Chief Magistracy of the country. Without family, money, friends or any of the usuai supporters by which men are helped into eminence, Mr. Greeley won his place of infuence and distinction by the sheer lorce of his intellectual ability and the determination of his character. By good natural abilities, by industry, by temperance, by sympathy with what is noblest and best in human nature and by earnest purpose, the ignorant, friendless, unknown printer's boy of a few years since became the powerful and famous journalist, whose words went to the ends of the earth, affecting the destinies of all mankind.

The great misfortune of his life was its greatest distinction—his nomination at Cincinnati—a distinction most unfortunate for him, not merely that it was the proximate cause of his death, but that it unquestionably served to render him less popular or to show that he was less popular than he was supposed to be. Who can tell how much this alse may have served to shatter altogether that overworked brain?

PROMINENT TRAITS.

Early Incidents of His Life and the Scenes of the Close.

(From the New York Tribune.)

MR. GREELEY AND THE TRIBUNE. The cardinal idea of Mr. Greeley in the establish ment of the Tribune was the publication of a jour-nal which should be equally free from narrow partisanship and timid neutrality. He took his stand on the independence of the daily press. Avoiding the fierce intolerance of party spirit on the one hand and a tame servility to pub-lic opinion on the other, he aimed to hold a position between those extremes, expressing his convictions with frankness and promptitude on all public measures, but not avoiding the exposure of public measures, but not avoiding the exposure of errors on the part of those with whom in the main he agreed. With these views Mr. Greeley had completely identified his name with the influence of this journal. To secure its beneficent power was the chief purpose of his life. No prize, in his estimation, was of such precious worth as its efficient action in aid of sound and lofty principles, of the advancement of truth in religion and science, of the liberal education, the material prosperity and the social happiness of the whole American people. On this occasion the tender pathos and solemn wisdom of his own words render all other expressions inappropriate. "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will live and fourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more uncerting sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaitering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription—"Founder of the New York Tribune."

HIS DOMESTIC CHARACTER—THE BOY.

Prominent as were the relations of Mr. Greeley with the public no one can fully comprehend his character without following him into the retirements of private and domestic life. He was a man of singular purity of nature. No foul word or unscennly lest was ever permitted to escape his lips. He cherished the stronges a tatachment to the ties of family and home. No man had a keener sense of the power of kindred blood. His domestic tastes had the force of a passionate instinct. His devotion to his invalid wife through years of protracted suffering exhibited the character of a religious sentiment. The innate poetry of him active was concentrated upon his children. His love for the "giorious boy," whose early death was a perpetual grief, seemed less like a reality than a romance. This errors on the part of those with whom in the main he agreed. With these views Mr. Greeley had com